



POEMS WITH ACCIDENCE



poems with accidentence
just another phase of material studies (august - october 2011)

by les wade (1952 - ?)

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press then release press



kranaan@yahoo.com

this book is dedicated to camille janssen and caroline goldstein

i think my favorite word these days is "spooky," but only if you pronounce it "spuky."

casual off-hand remark once made to rod smith

inhabit us
the remote writing
who what
tale
edge
that sidewalk stare, i glue
lost
alarm
fence
prose
earth
memo
tous ensemble!
where i was reading a baltimore sun

to burn with the rust
to come back slow in the morning

focus on the tensile strength
of fire

as all things are composed
the oxygen buried in the page
dreaming day in hard tech

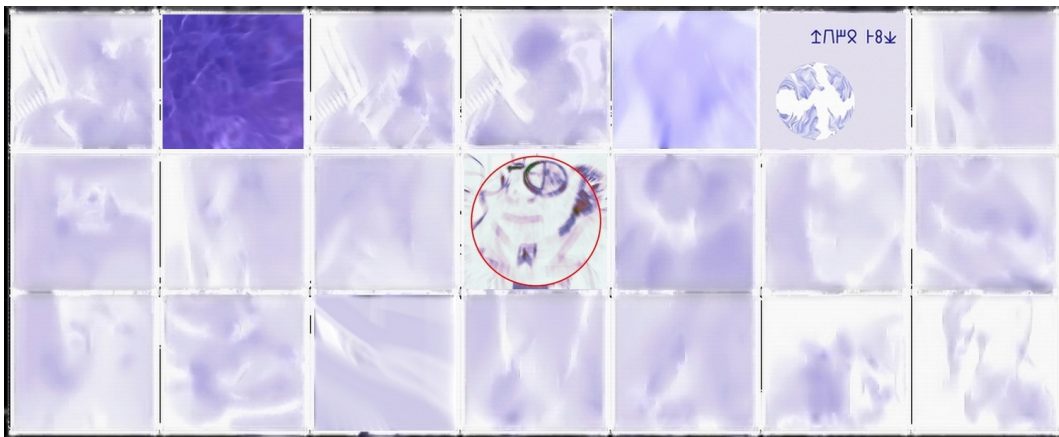
lunar in
circle
teaching us
to talk
ear onyx
(honest!)
rogue molecules
a flock of inches
in front of the face
grid-like
or be guttural!
a tangent
a jump
a fade
stepping off
from the fabric of the room

a "live" ghost
and dreaming day in hard tech—where the sound ends so suddenly in that
ellipse that i stop speaking and jangling the lacuna and jumping to see the
time out. the ghosts of the day is like saying "mere" or "reflection"
dreaming being there, a symmetry on one side to deny atmosphere. and
all the lists look black.

when you turn and
turn again.

● ● ●

black bile, white bile
green bile, yellow bile
oh i lose my humor in you. a blue house
a big picture. the word "dimension"
always sounds so possible
and the sound i'm staging
is always
in another room



brightness of plaster
right next to the blank
[]
air. a place
for a house. situated. a
morning hiding out

in the house. angling
into it. and the dimension
of dust so sparse,
like a big picture.
vibrating
in unison with the wood.

as the edge of the house
is pushing through a window



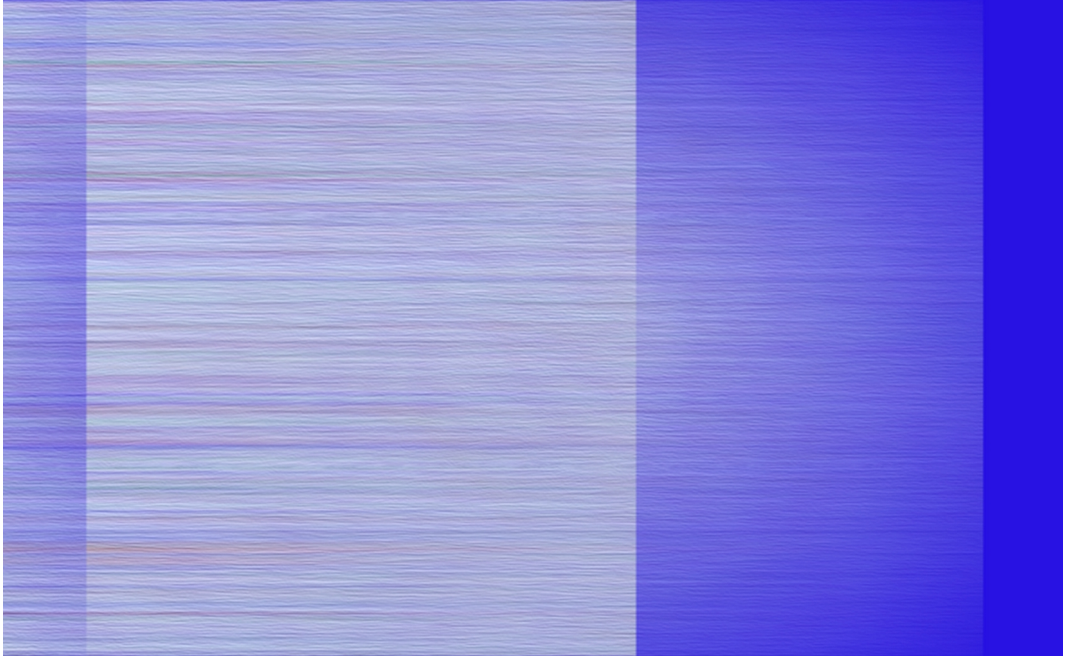
become visible
become necessary

imprisoned modern
i would draw some lines here
turning against themselves
a perspective on sleep
and the tendency
to turn it all
into a terrain

the face become a landscape

storms on monday
jam on tuesday
all seven of them
but only one
repetition
and the clanking sound
it makes
re-sequencing sleep
all the way to ice
horizon head
uttering ants
shouting evening
amazement of glass
and then suddenly,
a-t-t-e-n-u-a-t-e
the one who is singing

thin and eliding
and the city we are building
like a flock of inches
in front of the face



a film of departure
the brightness of plaster
the havoc that lands
on the face
controlled by light
right next to the blank "there"
opposite the light is
like a picture is
something that gets lost
in the face of the living

oh to translate glass



uttering ants

shouting evening

amazement of collapse

f. m. r. l.

efffffemmmerrrrlllll

and how all the transparent directions

start herding us toward the sea

a bright appearance is

glaring in the cracks

a slice a

current



gone slick and disrupting

a day is when you wake up
and go to sleep

bursting a thunder
like ironing a wrinkle

an
act
meant
the
shape of the light
the tactics of travel
it's so hot today
i'm writing in large black
letters
shining like gold!

with all the gloom to cross out
and over
the unavoidable edge
sounding of a sea
a bright appearance is
in the day a maze
made of glass

summed up by the sea
aqua as insert
and the beach is too hot
then it's not
hot enough

the magic of leaving
and what we must do
when we learn to speak



● ● ●

cactus, cow, cat, and coyote. (xxx) see? they are all in glock 'n' spieling,
brightly pronouncing for 9 millimeters, which was before, and "four

feathers fall," which could be a squawk! of enunciation, or a fraction away from saying "full fathom five, "so i guess it's more like a unit of measurement, like saying, "that's only a B4", but with the right emphasis. phatic functions, fat stability. de-riding the lips. this has already lost the flavor of an etude. scoop stamp plunge occupies my zero. you can see it flutter. that tall man standing in the gizmoid gitmo zone. so oblique the list when you're on the *on* side. (xxx and x, or say?) these airless rooms that were meant to make up for day. these late impressions just in, and why space will always disappear the moment your back is turned. like medicating modernity, but with a hole in the middle. four feathers fall. the fate of all tools, all play on the page. to live younger and look longer, this rhapsody on the least visible of forms.



recover
bring back
wreak havoc
one who puts in motion
the walls of dimension
more than a hundred years
the raw the unreconciled
too melt to cover time
an it faith
the is
the beginner



i think when i wrote this i was thinking about h.d., but only in an oblique way. actually, i was thinking about her picture on the cover of her selected poems. the way she's not really looking at you, but over your right shoulder, like there's something much more interesting going on somewhere behind you. denis roche always wanted his poetry to be the quickness of a photograph. i want my work to be a glance. to bounce off the surface. and change the trajectory.



~~o-sham-BOLLOCKS!~~

~~bring me that telephone tin~~

~~a flock of grids flying past the window~~

~~the vacant hour when the clocks all crumble~~

~~wearing giant robot murderer suits so i just got singed~~

~~the havoc that shoots the face~~

~~7 photos of ouch cube~~

~~black jelly revision~~

~~techniques of cargo clutching: to turn it all into another barely
suppressed moment of pterodactyl toon ending with a "ta-dah!"~~

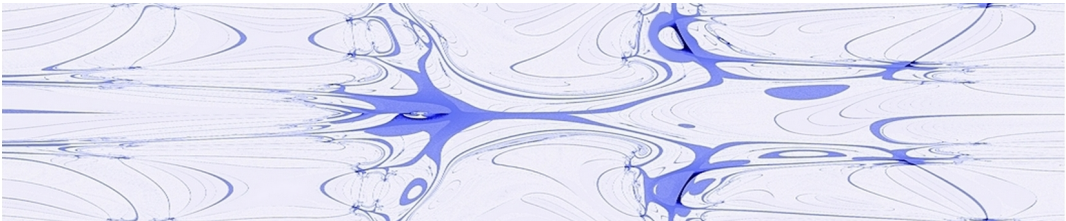
~~"the sort of thing that a thing has besides being a thing"~~

~~"aw, you fuckin' fuck, go fuck!"~~

everyone in baltimore is a little bobble-headed baudelaire!

● ● ●

i'm avoiding X
(which is always so scientific
like "xenon" or "xerography")



or cactus and cantaloupes
and a catalog for each dis-
junction ending with *-ible*
just defeating memory

just by shining
just because i said so
so deep into the mesh

of what i want

you and the sea

behind the plan
i'm avoiding *X*
(which is always
oh, a space and a couple of hard returns

the poem's resistance

a little room
where i will leave no trace

and other ongoing projects



updating the homeric hymns. i am writing about dreaming about waking up, and then you actually wake up and you're still ringing, where there's always a wheel inside a wheel. the momentum of travel. the dark glass i loved as a child. the city of dark glass that has the word eclipse in it. what you were not meant to stare at. but, did *you*?

undine is drinking coffee. the system is so diffuse. "oh, my janitors!" shook waves. and how to get from here to pale cotton lines. and a dweller in lynn, claiming the threshold. and a push for luck. a tendency to misjudge distances. peeling off the sections like a shirt. "i'm out of here like a dirty shirt!" she said, but she really meant "off." well, that's me, the leninist of love!

oh those yellow glitter person pills! i guess it's all a matter of orthography, when you're doing it old style. the signature of all things, but, kinda sloppy. so here i am, standing with a stupid book, entitled "how they live: filtered or squashed flat." am i stupid or what! please consider the symbolism of something violent, stupid, unpredictable, but above all, stupid. *oh dim the noise bots!* the already fantasized city of the future.

returning from smoke. opening up until its unframed. the mode becomes
the means. the steel in the enunciation, what you call an attribute. like
you knowing me is just another road. the intricate aftermath. almost a
song:

where today

"i say: flower!"

in time or

tune

appearing

as day's

eerie

day

as a color

irises

push against

that color

in the day

i mean

your "i"

in color

is what they

push



against
become flat
as shadow
to trade your
time for day
and i can see
so much
that begins
when



there were parts of *backstory* where i imagined that i was phil whalen responding to some passages of walter benjamin. but that's very classical, isn't it—to adopt a persona. think of greek tragedy, where they spoke through a mask; to which, of course, you'll respond "Kitty, dear, let's pretend — "And here I wish I could tell you half the things Alice used to say, beginning with her favourite phrase "Let's pretend." She had had quite a long argument with her sister only the day before — all because Alice had begun with "Let's pretend we're kings and queens"; and her sister, who liked being very exact, had argued that they couldn't because there were only two of them.



geometry of nerves
web of the sea
assume a -scape here
our ancestors died
trying to reach the horizon

the long march
through the interstices

these statements that include
no one

assume my voice here



remembered bling. the hard harmonics. the hard harmonics on the skin.
we are at the point of anymore. the useless day-after. the programmatic
clash. the hard skin to interrupt the room and stimulate absorption. the
complete blip. wouldn't one more zero-sum game be a contradiction in
terms?

monitor:
sole
swung
in one big act
to keep it
from evacuating

—my sunken living room

or swan sschwiinnng!
all splayed out
to cover 3 or 4 aches

they bend the bow
and all liars
go off
on a tangent

boiled movement in reduction (kicking repeatedly)



orbit or obit!
plead empty
plead primary

**WRONG PLACE FOR FREEDOM'S PADLOCK: AMERICA FIGHTS
MONTAGE 1952-?**

tabula rasas all over the kitchen table
from the year i was born
persons keep piling up
like a list of counter-factuals
tuna breath bare-bulbed awful
off-yellow sheen
i think i've been screwed, counterclockwise
a big wheel keeps on turning—a history I don't want to hear
how you can't play the record in reverse anymore
or another word is revolve
urrrrrrh
GO BANG!
a can of sound
the curve of the kitchen opening
to scary red
behind the landlord brown a-go-go and agog

it's your poetry scratch 'n' sniff
be inhaling now
all agog and alimentary
nasal infix of
where to absorb
hunting and gathering
all through the house
the subject is lost in the present moment

oh orb it all
and bare-bulbed
(and i bit cherry)
return and retreat
reciting a list of expiration dates
like a list of counter-factuals
the sound that produces the thought
flows through a soundtrack of twisting
in back of whenever your back is turned

blues under yellow

or

nervous
green
wooden sounding
life
iron brew
chimed
to choke
neon air speed flow
in front of
what we reach
each
hollow
day
falling in
surprise
a
surface
knocked sideways
by the simultaneous. joined by

and then
as if
or etc.

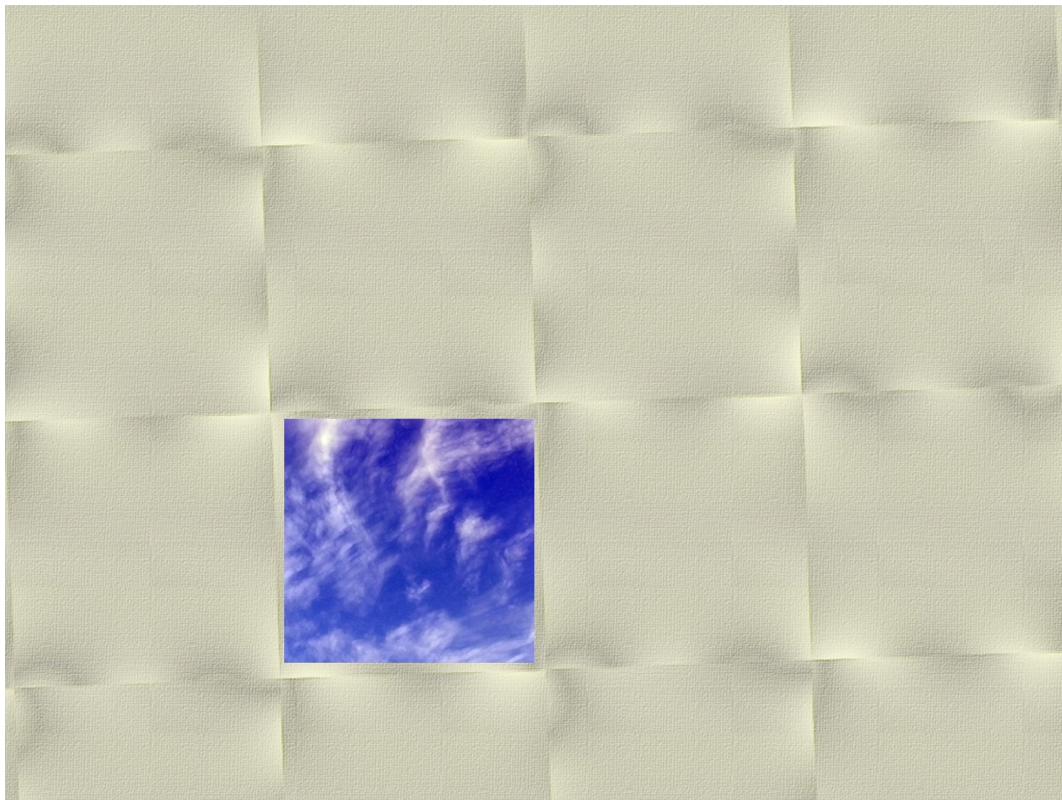
obvious music

block-like / a polished
present

gesture in what distance you will



a boat traveling upstream. do you remember the hieroglyph for "appear"?
no one is strong at night.



"i don't know if there are specific places in the american landscape that make me want to write, at least, not one more than any other. maybe its movement through or even with the land/cityscape. though, when i was in my early twenties and living in california, i felt drawn toward the desert. now that was really an encounter with space. these days, for some reason, i seem to be fascinated with abandoned movie theaters. an end to the spectacle?" —the author in an email to debrah morkun.

"Each epoch not only dreams the next, but also, in dreaming, strives toward the moment of waking. It bears its end in itself and unfolds it—as Hegel already saw—with ruse." reciting walter benjamin while strolling through the newly constructed ruins downtown fails as a performance. over and over. archeology is pure accumulation.

shredding noir, soundtracks make it inky. sunset wool, we whistle under clouds. and curtains. a busy sigh. a place to put machines, the need to disappear inside a building. a bounded interval. you have found the very word.....fogging up a window.

gaming at the window, spreading its eastern time. musicians think in layers, architects move in waves. the eyes are shut and in the air.

and angling into it, so sparse. the day was running its fingers down my face. an encyclopedia of dimension, the lunar rust, remote as sleep. smeared with sight. a very busy map. a toy room. whistling, we curve the linear marks.

strictly agile: a hand is turning a wheel. claire is stuck indoors, twisting and shouting. and cold calling. favor the thinking body. you have found the very word, we flicker in and out. all these petals. everyday is an adventure in physiognomy—the flattened see.

errors in the light. oboe puffs and pulls. to uncover, like placing a name beside a lamp. a bee sting on my lips between the notes. the quality of flight on gold. and the waves are so generous! and the cold is still calling. black ice, white water. everything flows from this. rhythmically speaking.

and suddenly salt. crowding chords. what they are shifting. an inflection. yobbing up and down. this london behavior. a rude wobble, waving my arms in the air, i will name them fisheye. lude rims! black bark! lawyers in love or squids on a plane, whatever we say reeks of the sea. your tough talc, or talk. your last moment of horizontal clarity among odd bits of glass. and you're leaving your house of thread!

the face is the first outside. the artist himself is only poorly invisible.

grilled to checkerboard. two steps forward, then... awesome to splattered. rubber rink around the inflexible politics of jaywalkers like me. "men and pigs will eat anything" your battle-cry 30 years ago when you were dividing up the decade into color-coded fun-zones and charging all the kids in the neighborhood for a peek at maggie thatcher's spatial deconcentrations. all that big hair! all those fern bars! gallia est omnis divisa in partes tres. the landscape is always an obsession. the city is secretly a sea. and everyone's face just wants to speak volumes. i am waiting around the corner, thinking about rain.

my soggy materials. stretching the street, or instructing a memory, a spectrum—slippery anecdote obbligate in start infarct to car sick route uh-oh! smoke of a syndrome. this side of the page is tired of lessons, and i'm all in red, and rudderless. spherical, the mirror of insomnia, a cartoon look with it's sha-boom! just sliding through a look, or using up an avenue. the last time we looked. hooked on sonic BOOMS and all that sophisticated boom-boom. oh, life could be a dream, walking on walls in the knife edge dawn. we know other places for the sounds of all these words.

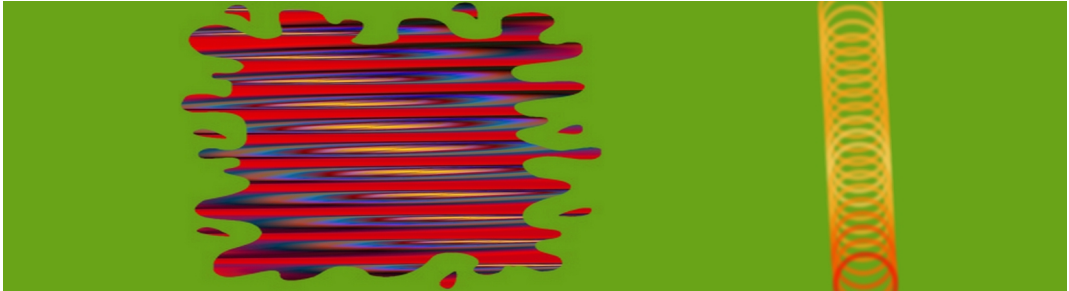
removing the index, cutting out the spaces between all the people passing me on the street to frame it on the 12th floor of the office building where my girlfriend used to work. our part in redefining an epoch. or, "yes, boss," "no boss." but of course, the whole time i'm thinking, "so this is the typical revalorization of dead labor dreamed up by the league of post-punk television executives instead of the *déjeuner sur l'herbe* i'm always hoping for. wait...what?

large attention: abstract labor divides my idyll into funny looking squares. large attraction: the hours invade my swivel-head. time is the open secret here. the mere mention of grids. mylar and telstar give us the game of abstract smell. just walking down a one-way street—fear of bouncyness. spread it out prismatic. "there are so many failed ghosts in the american air."

beyond reach. inter gap. enter the hours that swallow the day. a system for holding things in place or a measurement of interrupted flight. i still believe in the chance encounter.

social architecture stares back from the machines of honey. their imploding depths. air for a window. it's the processes of air that spell *horror vacui*. it's the processes of air that always get me in trouble. inside it remains the same. a mustered dance of big fat pictures. this city is trying to be one big room.

slipping on wet algonquin and calculating water. a list of possible moves. we need the clear "no" where all roads drag the sender all day. slow goings at the symphony corral, the thread is lost in the page of singing. all ropes drag the sender away.



as soon as the idea of the panorama unfolds, the loom is spent, but the shapes of things just fall down with a bang. off round—the outsider. off center again. cursing what the gleaners command, the architects of the moment. as soon as the idea of the panorama unfolds in corresponding translated paper into felt marble wood frame slippery anecdote fade of voices in a decrescendo is a part of the story and the last look the last avenue and slow return like the end of a story about why we are so restless at evening.

indicating a mood, shredding the scales: go where you're looking. the gesture leaves everything hollow. nerves of today spread the shaky lines, the gold mesh. the modern face. "shhhhhhhh!" what my girlfriend tells me when i look up from the poem, and the look enmeshed in one long explosion. wine and wind and the waves of wool, arriving darkly. the panoramic glimpse.

the scenic stretch where my hand will not fit the room i am in in a city stretching past my head to the horizon. bright departure from film to air. and whatever shines in the space between them. always aiming for a parallel and thinking it over with 3 or 4 neighbors named everyone, and how this everyone is constantly milling around and talking in loud tones and being all metaphonic. well, love music, forget fasting! the door is open. the dreaming interior, the sudden corridors shift and turn. they push their glass. we are collecting their looks and trespassing a brittle house. putting them in a place of dust and drawing a conclusion. a restless order: the city is built of moveable parts. venetian blinds. lined paper. illustrating the space between them. the modern user in his metropolis. his non-plan. what is thrown before us,

what the face can rearrange. "my eyes just hurt my brain." nervous attributes. a picture and a text and a bushel and a peck and 3 or 4 neighbors named everyone again, moving in parallel. how they are all around the corner, lurking and theatrical, or opening up into a mosaic. remembering detail. finding the main idea. like stumbling over a gap. they are pushing their house to dust. it's not the future of the streets, it's the spaces that spill from them. an arm of the sea.

earth phrase lost stare talk of what writing so remote we remove the room so the ground truth can be delivered.



"a penny for the old guy." verbaled futures. commit a name. "verbal art," not reducible to a reason outside it's construction. but floating in the air, with the tone of flat and gray. an agitated name. what we used to see as the form of its final expression, or what turns day into DAY. you know, foam, and the rough imperfect. all on the same plane, floating, with the allusions to size and shape. what we can believe to be colliding. they differ only in the size and shape of the area they cover. the elusiveness in it. colliding, or not. or not even. in my humble opinion.

my disbelief in movies, or rather, my disbelief can be seen in movies. night is seen holding a pendulum, but we can never see ourselves in a single shot. oh the bleak morning of a title. and something about flickr,

then flap! the i is so peripheral, mobility is all. pastel vertigo. a delicate 6/4 set-up. a perfect match when you enter the room. only when you

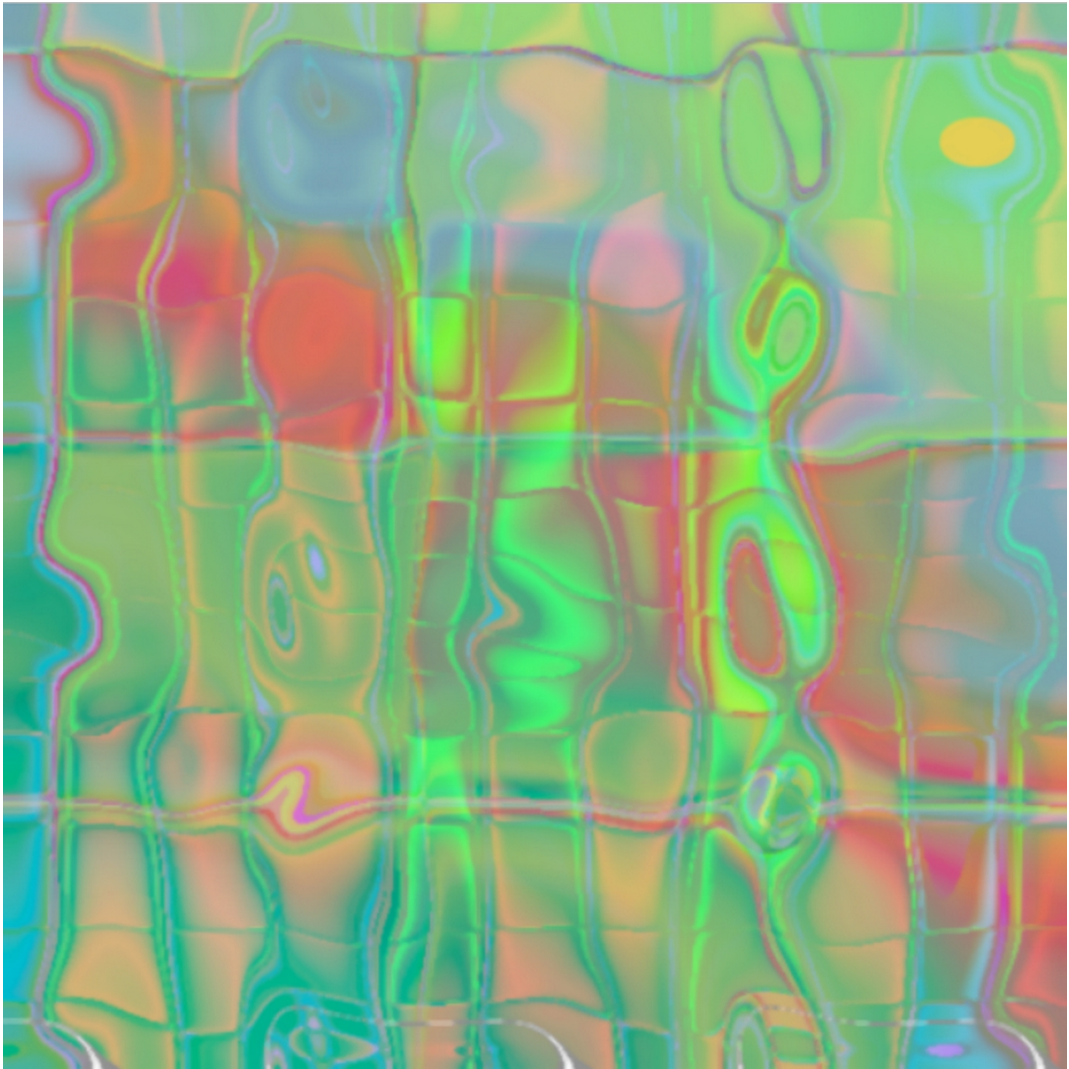
forget to breathe. you move your right leg, and your left, and the sun is underwater. when you say "orange," it no longer signifies any one particular sensation, but it is (obviously) a limit, even in california, where they still remember to close the light and avoid the spaces in between. every moment has its own look, working out the day. the eye-strains of faint memory. a patch of smoke caught in a contraption, but it's probably just a luna moth. when you open the door, it's really a close-up of you saying the word "whoosh!" with no discernible irony. "whoosh!"

the map of today is dripping down from the rims. the weight of all these grids imitating gravity, eagerly sending out feelers, what you call "envelope-licking." but i can only point out that the "opening into orange" should now be the revolt from it. autonomy will remove the quotation marks, but maybe we should have just let it stay in the glass. right now, they still can't make up their mind between an ensemble of evening-in-atlantis or drowning-in-the-ocean-at-evening.

the name as category. a narcotic that is used right at the edge of a lamp. a season of slow motion—what they want to fill up with their succulent green. walking in low, rising in thick. to blur the planet. our weak futures. the faces are extinguished in a broad class. the circular name covers them, or, the circularity of looking at a name. the whirring noise in the background of every moment. the mute stone sounds, a translation from silence. the nothingness that they say covers the sky like a poor metaphor. just as you were about to tell me that translation itself is the latin translation of the greek word metaphoros, to carry something across, to violate a boundary. but i'm looking at pockets and thinking, "there is no such thing as empty space."

the act of naming like an active surface. things just get stuck. a short-circuit in the syntax that spills all over the surface, the moment of eclipse that swarms thru the epicycles. this big formica shout out. i know many brave books have been written about the violence done when you learned to color inside the lines. succulent green is feeble, but wax will cover the clockwork gallery.

lecturing all over the planet. the future of what you are reading is found flickering in the window i just broke, or, why the biography of me as an evil genius suddenly ends when i became a poet. what does that tell you?



technically ice.

• • •

planaria jello
is for evolutionary ambiance

just technicolor stupid
and why motley should be a color at midnight and vibrafoam
a sound

a rusty predicate
and why one of these things
is always like 2 or 3
other things
and the is is
just hanging in the air

accidentally everywhere
and after re-bop
and after it rains
after the image

writing out the tower

writing in the fire

fluting extremities

blowning a woofer

ending canvas

acclimatizing syntax
i mean, ambiguity 5
and seven
your impress
now surround
obstructed
in the brain bone
lion pols
squeezing art
snookie's raw
and cooked

room thing
another everything
the second book

of simultaneity
has yet to be written
we are aiming for the broken middle
nothing but torque and
electric start elation

settings · edge · social · shape
ascend to/what can/grow together

mouse museum
or mud montage
diagonal to abstract
there's no more of the reel
to run through
a glazed loop
your hot ocean
vs. my missed appointment
at evening
the pronouns are so heavy
sound waves will push the frame
a casual gesture—i'm hitting the light
day is or you aren't

just guess work
under fun
dead wreck
in the real thing
play my depth
brown out
and wake up
uncertain is
only a
place

to push to
an inclusion

or another word is
"emerge"

uh oh! think i'm using my outside voice again.

APPENDIX

i don't remember eating anything from 1972 to 1975, although one day, i astonished all the patrons at jay's mini-mart & liquor store in rubidoux, california when i bought a dusty three dollar bottle of french wine i found hidden behind boxes of rice-a-roni. this sentence is dedicated to alfred jarry.

"Order and disorder...no longer oppose one another. Seen in the light of their real historical significance there is no contradiction between Constructivism and the "art of protest"; between the rationalization of building production and the subjectivism of abstract expressionism or the irony of pop art; between capitalist plan and urban chaos; between the ideology of planning and the "poetry of the object."

"By this standard, the fate of capitalist society is not at all extraneous to architectural design. The ideology of design is just as essential to the integration of modern capitalism in all the structures and suprastructures of human existence, as is the illusion of being able to oppose that design with different instruments of a different type of designing, or of a radical type of "antidesign."

Manfredo Tafuri, *Architecture and Utopia*

a mere antinomianism numbs the tongue.

i spent all day yesterday reading the works of h.d. i really like the stuff she was writing in the 1930s, like "sigil" or the poem she wrote about calypso and odysseus, or that piece she wrote after seeing freud. i'm not certain how many of those were ever collected or published in book form during her lifetime. not certain why i'm telling you this either.

"the selected poems of h.d.—this really indicates poverty, not dilettantism."

Suzanne Roos

"Quel menteur! Je sais que vous pensiez à Quai des Brumes tout le temps!"

Jean Gabin

Speak in French when you can't think of the English for a thing
the Red Queen



fragment of an abandoned movie theater in houston, texas. see
<http://www.flickr.com/photos/nakrnsn/3460849293/> by patrick feller

shapes of things before my eyes,/just teach me to despise/will time make
 men more wise?//here within my lonely frame/my eyes just hurt my
 brain/but will it seem the same?

"shapes of things," the yardbirds

following cedric price, we can think of the spaces of the city as a
 sequence of three eggs: hard-boiled, fried, and scrambled. in classical
 antiquity the city was a hard-boiled egg—the agora and city center was
 the yolk, surrounded by residential quarters as the albumen, and the
 whole thing encased by the city walls. once the industrial age arrived, and
 with it, an expanding population, the shell/wall was broken, and the city
 spilled outward in irregular patterns, like an egg frying in a pan. with the
 advent of modern systems of transportation and the circulation of people
 from city to suburb and back again, the whole thing has gotten scrambled,
 with the spaces of residence, work, and play simultaneously closer
 together, but each one further and further away. so what's next? the city
 as soufflé, or a nice lokshen kugel maybe? see
<http://bigthink.com/ideas/40479>

